

# *Sex* & Sandwiches

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**herwritehand publishing, inc.  
Washington, D.C.**

**Ebook First Edition 2012**

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**Library of Congress Cataloging Number  
available upon request**

**ISBN-13: (Pbk)  
978-0-9832492-0-7**

**To Mom & Dad-**  
**Thank you for always encouraging me to write at all**  
**times**

**“Love is the answer, but while you’re waiting for the answer, sex raises some pretty good questions.” – Woody Allen**

## Chapter One

He giggled boyishly and then pressed his lips firmly against my opened mouth to keep me quiet until he was done. I could feel my back slide up and down against the bathroom mirror while I was perched on the counter with Ian's arms wrapped firmly around me. The oncoming explosion that was about to erupt between my thighs was briefly diverted as I thought to myself, "*I'm going to be late again.*"

If only I hadn't let Ian throw my leg over his shoulder while I was trying to brush my teeth this morning, I wouldn't be in this mess in the first place. All I can think about is the look that everyone will have on their faces when I walk into that conference room - fifteen, maybe twenty minutes late. I can just read the glances; I will be labeled a sex craved failure – the single woman who couldn't keep her act up for another however long. It's disheartening to know that the whole world looks at me through a magnifying glass. Well,

maybe not the whole world, just the executives in my office - those money hungry piranhas.

My boyfriend Ian suffers from an over active sex drive. He just can't get enough of me. Truth be told, I can't get enough of him either, so I suppose that makes me a nympho? He is the type of guy who does everything I like sexually. That is a *rare* quality among men and I'm fortunate to have found him. He is a true gem, amongst the piles of shattered rubble that I used to encounter daily. I would often find myself smiling during the day as I reminisced about the gentle way he touched me; so erotically on the curve of my hips, or the hungry look he would give me just before pleasing me.

I'm late and had no time to ponder over our random sexual escapades.

My shoe flopped haphazardly against my heel as my laptop bag rhythmically slapped my side as I hobbled down the brick laden sidewalk. My shoe, which begged to be kicked for a field goal, forced me to stop and fix it before

taking another step. Some strange man walking toward me took the liberty of stealing a glance at my legs as I fastened the ankle strap in place. When I looked up at him, he brandished an awkward smile to which I rolled my eyes up toward the tall buildings that seemed to stretch toward the sun as they asked to be kissed. Just after I showed that act of disgust, my designer sheer stockings began to run right down the front of my thigh. They run raced toward my knee before I stood up straight in a poor attempt to cease its sprint. *Great, I thought, ten dollar hose that run just like the three dollar ones.*

When I got to 1121 Eye Street, I pushed my way through the revolving door to gain entry. I unlocked my office and threw my items across the desk, some of which hit the floor before I could turn and head out toward the conference room. I managed to steal a few deep breaths to calm my rapidly beating heart before I turned the knob on the door. Why today? The Chairman was here to listen to this proposal.

Just before I walked in, a co-worker, tapped me on the shoulder just before I dropped them with disappointment.

“It’s been rescheduled for Monday.”

\* \* \* \*

When I got home from a long uneventful day of work, I was surprised to see that Ian had already made dinner for us. Ian was so sweet to me. As far as looks go, his face looked alright, but his body was a work of art. His butt is so firm that if he sat down on the sidewalk, it would be imprinted in the concrete.

After we stuffed our faces on his immaculately prepared dinner, he sat on the couch and I lay perpendicular to him, settling my buttocks in the trench of his lap.

“Ah, baby,” I said with a satisfied sigh and a light pat of my stomach, “that was great.”

He began massaging my legs and thighs and I knew what that meant. It meant after his food was partially digested, he wanted to fool around in the bedroom. Or

maybe some other corner of the house. He was always full of surprises and had the stamina of ten men.

“I’m glad you liked it.”

“Where did you learn how to cook like that?” I asked him as I stroked his bicep.

“Just something I knew I had to do. Gotta eat, may as well eat good, right?” He proved his point as his hands moved further up my thigh.

“Do you ever get enough?”

“Josephine, my darling, never!” He placed his hand behind my head and planted a wet kiss on my mouth. My back arched to allow the shivers that started from the nape of my neck to trickle down to my lower spine.

His kisses covered my mouth, ears and neck. He reached his hand down my shirt and began kneading my breast. I caressed the back of his head as it nuzzled my chest. I wanted to relax for the evening, but Ian had a way of jump starting all of my hot buttons. His foreplay was hypnotic; I

felt like he was a puppeteer, and my heart, mind and body dangled by a string.

Right there on the couch, I straddled him and feasted upon his butterscotch colored skin. He lifted his arms prompting me to lift his shirt that revealed a stomach so chiseled it could grate cheddar. His shoulders were stirrups that I delicately would be resting the backs of my ankles against once he tore me out of my clothes. Still straddling him, he lifted me and we headed to the rear of the house in the direction of the deck. It was dark with the exception of the moonlight that bounced against the sliding glass door.

We stepped outside, my feet refusing to be placed solidly on the wooden planks due to the chill. He gently pressed my back against the cool aluminum siding causing my nipples to perk. He feasted upon those as I looked out hazily into the wooded area that the deck faced.

My stomach rumbled and it felt like it was trying to digest a tennis ball that was gradually expanding. My stuffed stomach swelled and my libido instantly deflated. I tried to

push him away by his shoulders. I was unable to speak as I began to break out in a sweat. My eyes rolled around lazily in my head as I slammed it gently against the side of the house. I looked up at the stars that seemed to be ensued in a dance against the dark curtain of the night sky.

Unable to ignore the onslaught of illness any longer, I pushed Ian away and dashed toward the bathroom, almost losing my balance along the way. I squatted down on the floor, lifted the lid to the porcelain receptacle and began to heave, what felt like my innards, out.

“Oh God,” I managed between breaths.

Ian stumbled inside the bathroom bare-chested as he looked down at me. He rubbed his stomach, I guess to calm it from hearing ounces of fluid being dispelled from someone else’s body. He leaned his head against the frame of the door for a second, and then knelt beside me.

“Get outta here,” I softly demanded.

“Was it the food?”

“Get out, this is gross,” I pleaded. “I’ll be out in a second.”

Respecting what felt like my final wishes, he slowly crept out and flopped on the couch. I heard the television come to life along with the news caster’s corny segue jokes in between toilet flushes.

When I was done, I lifted myself up, splashed water on my face and swished some around in my mouth, along with some mouthwash. I patted my face dry with a towel, brushed my hair back with my hands and started into the living room. He looked up at me and made space for me on the couch. I curled up to him like a little child.

“*That* made me lose my hard on,” he said plainly.

“I’m sorry.”

“Did you eat something from earlier that didn’t agree with you?” He asked as he caressed my arm that rested across his stomach.

“No, Ian.”

“Well, what’s wrong, baby?”

“I’m late.”

“Late for what?”

“No, baby. I’m *late*.”